The Times' Daily Short Story.

SCARED

[Original.]

Back in the sixties a man stood before a wholesale grocery house in St. Joseph, Mo., superintending the loading of some wagons. A boy of fourteen stepped up to him and asked:

"Are you Mr. Brant that's going to take the train to Denver?"

"I am."

"I want to go with you. You see, my mother she took my father out two years ago, when I was a little chap, and she left me with my aunt. Father he's dead now, and I got to go out and take care of mother."

"What's your name, sonny?" he asked kindly.

"Tom Hodge."

"Tom Hodge. I knew Tom Hodge of Denver well. So you're his boy. Well, I reckon I can take you along."

At that time there were still roving bands of Indians on the plains, though they had become far less to be dreaded than formerly. The outfit was under the protection of the wagoners, who were all armed with rifles. John Brant, owner, was the leader, but the management of the train was left to a man of the name of Conover, who looked after the horses, the harness and the condition of the wagons. Conover was very proud of having been born in an almshouse and not having had a year's schooling in his life. He had attended a dance in St. Joseph with his trousers tucked in his boots to shame one or two men in dress suits. He disliked Tommy Hodge because he was a refined little fellow, having been well brought up. Tommy washed his face and hands occasionally, a process that Conover regarded very effeminate, especially while on the plains. The consequence was that the wagon master was disposed to make a butt of the boy.

One evening after a dusty day's travel Tommy said he would go to a creek where he had noticed a good swimming place and take a bath. When he had gone Conover remarked to the men who were taking care of the stock: "I'm going to scare that boy out of a year's growth. He's a pestiferous little cuss and needs taking down."

Without delay he followed Tommy, taking care to keep at a sufficient distance. Of course no one would leave the train without a rifle, and both the boy and the man carried one. Tommy on reaching the creek laid down his weapon, threw off his clothes and plunged into the water. Conover's plan was to put himself beyond the boy, then send him running to camp stark naked. After taking his position the wagon master raised an Indian whoop.

The twilight was deepening into darkness, and he could not see distinctly, so he listened. The floundering in the water ceased. Conover strained his eyes, expecting to see the boy's white body shooting through the gloom. He saw nothing but the boundless plain lying like a dark ocean about him. He began to feel that sensation of loneliness which comes to one alone in a vast expanse, and loneliness is akin to fear.

Suddenly his blood ran cold at the sound of a real whoop, not the whoop of a white man, but the blood curdling yell of an Indian. He started to run for camp, and as he did so an Indian, doubtless in advance of his people, rose up near him. The savage was armed only with a tomahawk, which he brandished, and Conover expected to see it fly from his hands and cleave his skull. He was so paralyzed with fear that he dropped his rifle and was completely defenseless. Then he turned and made a dash for camp.

Running like the wind, he was passing the place where Tommy Hodge had gone in to bathe when close behind him the pursuing Indian gave a triumphant yell. Conover knew that the savage had got within distance to hurl his tomahawk effectively. He was expecting every moment to be laid low by a blow when he heard a shot. He fully believed that he had been pierced by a bullet. Indeed so powerful was his imagination that he fell and lay partly stupefied.

When the party at the wagons heard Conover's whoop, they suspected that it was he, attempting to frighten the boy, but when they heard the Indian's whoop they knew at once the danger threatening both Conover and Tommy Hodge. Mr. Brant ordered the wagons into corral, with the animals in the center, and at the head of a detachment of his men went out to the assistance of those in peril. Hearing nothing after the one shot that had been fired, they gave up their companions as lost, but pushed on. Finally they came to Conover, lying with his face to the ground. They turned him over and were examining him when they heard a voice from the creek:

"Hello! Are you our men?"

"What in the name of"—

"I'm Dodge. Is he hurt?"

"Can't find that he is."

"An Indian was chasing him. Soon as I heard the whoop I got my rifle and brought it down here out o' sight. I saw the Indian chasing Conover and plunked him. You'll find the redskin farther on."

Sure enough, not a dozen steps beyond where they stood was the dead body of an Indian.

Conover revived and with Tommy Hodge was taken back to camp. He was from that time not only the laughing stock of the party, but held in supreme contempt.

Tommy Hodge made several trips with Mr. Brant after that, till the Union Pacific railroad, being completed, took the place of teaming. He became the sole support of his mother and is now one of the principal merchants of the great west.

ALBERT MAYNE MURRAY.

KISSED BY KUROPATKIN.

Russian General's Gallantry to an Old Soldier's Little Girl.

A touching story is told of the Russian General Alexei Nicholavitch Kuropatkin, who is now commander in chief of the czar's armies in the far east, says a Moscow cable dispatch to the New York American. During his overland trip to Harbin his train stopped for a few minutes at the small station of Baranovka.

A large crowd of poor peasants had gathered to greet the popular hero and offered him icons and amulets. Among these was a pretty little girl in a red hood, who held in her hand a basket of eggs. The general called her over to the car window and told her that he would be very glad to accept her gift. The girl refused to take any of the money which the general offered her, and Kuropatkin then lifted her into the car and kissed her, asking her name.

She replied that it was Klimoff and that her father had been the general's orderly when he served under Skobeleff at Plevna. Hearing that the old soldier was employed as watchman near the station, the general sent for him and presented him with a gold piece, saying, "If the soldiers I am going to command are only as brave as you were at Plevna there is no fear for Russia."

What We Are Coming To.

In a few years we shall read epitaphs like this, says the Portland Oregonian:

Here Lies
JOHN PITTSBURG SKIBO SMITH,
Who was Born In a
CARNEGIE TOWN,
Educated In a
CARNEGIE INSTITUTE,
Studied In a
CARNEGIE LIBRARY.
At the Age of 30 He Became a
CARNEGIE HERO
And Has Now Gone to Be With
CARNEGIE.

The Name Chang.

Chang is a name which is as common in China as Smith or Jones in this country.

"TROTTER FROCKS."

Kansas City Woman Tells of British Name For Short Skirts.

A plain and unaffected woman returning from England reports that she was snubbed right and left in the smart shops of Bond street in London. She is from Kansas City and is typically American, says the New York Press. She says:

"I did have an awful time buying a suit in London. I went into a dear little store in the swellest shopping district there and asked for a suit with a 'rainy day' skirt. I wish you could have seen the salesman lift his eyebrows. He begged my pardon forty times and said he could not imagine what I meant. I described the short skirt and the modestly trimmed coat that I wanted, and at last he said: 'Oh, yes; quite so. You mean a trotter frock.' Now, my dear, profit by my humiliation and call it a trotter frock. After all, the name is rather descriptive. I also tried to buy a spool of thread, but the goddess of that counter corrected me. I didn't want a spool of cotton. I wanted a 'reel' of cotton. The worst of it is that when you are corrected by these English they do look at you so contemptuously and pityingly."

The "trotter frock" is all the rage in this country just at present, and even the most expensive gowns are made with short skirts. Cloth is the leading fabric, yet velvets, too, look quite as well with the ankle high skirt. Many of these gowns are trimmed elaborately with lace and braid, and they may be used for an afternoon entertainment. It seems that women are beginning to realize the advantages of a short skirt, and it may not be many months before the trailing evening gowns of today will give way to "trotter" effects. For dancing nothing can surpass the short skirt so far as comfort is concerned.

"WOMEN TO SAVE SOCIETY"

Former Secretary of Navy Long Tells Vassar Girls of Their Mission.

John D. Long, former secretary of the navy, who was the founders' day orator in Vassar college the other day at Poughkeepsie, N. Y., told 600 young women whose minds are filled with the idea of a college education that many of the men who best illustrated in their lives the great powers of practical education never went to school in a modern sense, says the New York Press.

"Washington, Clay, Hamilton, Lincoln, McKinley," he said—"what education in a popular sense did these men have? None. They owed little to the schoolroom. This would seem almost to belittle the accomplishments of a college education, and, while it does not do so, we should remember always how much these men did without the aids which we have."

The former secretary in speaking of the mission of educated women said:

"Who does not regret the rumors of the demoralization of rich and fashionable society? No one can look at modern society and not be appalled at the outrages and indignities being committed in all walks of life. The newspapers show them every day. It is in this mass of festering sores that our danger lies. I look to see a new infusion of culture and charm given to the world by the educated young woman. She will in time settle all questions of domestic labor troubles, and it is her mission to save human society from vulgarity and decay."

Baby Crosses Continent Alone.

San Francisco, May 6.—Among the passengers alighting from the steps of the Southern Pacific's Atlantic express at the local depot was Frederick E. Coggshill, a little five-year-old boy who has completed a journey believed to be unique in the history of transcontinental railroads. Entirely unaccompanied, tagged that he might be properly directed and forwarded, the child made the trip from Philadelphia in the care of conductors, who gave every attention to his comfort and safety.

Santa Fe Shops Picketed.

Topeka, Kan., May 6.—Picket line patrol by the union machinists was the principal noticeable feature in the Atchison, Topeka and Santa Fe railway shops here. They have been warned to keep away from the railroad property. The pickets will be used in two shifts during working hours. Vice President Buckalew of the Machinists' union has established his headquarters here and will place C. W. Smith in charge while he makes a tour of the system west of Topeka.

ALL THE STATES AT THE WORLD'S FAIR.

Many Beautiful Pavilions and Pretentious Buildings Show Forth the Enterprise of American Commonwealths.

A beautiful city has grown up among the trees on the World's Fair grounds at St. Louis. It has nothing to do with the immense exhibit palaces, but is a thing apart. The houses in this new city are of various styles of architecture. Some are palatial in size and appearance, while others look merely cozy and inviting. Never before have so many notable and historic buildings been constructed in one group. This new city might be called the City of the States, for the houses included in it are the state buildings at the Fair.

The city is not compact, but somewhat straggling, as befits the picturesqueness of the view. Yet there is nothing suggestive of a Stringtown-on-the-Pike about this city, for the grounds surrounding each of the houses are beautified with gardens typical of the state represented.

All the states are to be represented at the World's Fair. This means a great deal, a shining triumph for the Louisiana Purchase Exposition, and furnishes another illustration of the fact that this Exposition's completeness is the marvel of the age.

Fifty-one states, territories and possessions of the United States have taken the steps necessary to participate in the World's Fair on an important scale. But two states were still outside the fold at the last report, and in each of these was a well defined movement in favor of being represented at the Fair with buildings and exhibits. New Hampshire, the old home state, and Delaware are the states referred to. In New Hampshire a fund for participation is being raised privately by patriotic citizens, so that in the event of legislative inaction this commonwealth may be represented.

The states and territories are expending over $7,000,000 in their efforts to show off to best advantage at the Exposition. This is a million and a third more than was expended at the Chicago exposition by the states. In addition to this, large cities in many states will have municipal exhibits, the funds for which are not included in these figures. The municipal exhibit idea is entirely novel. From a number of the states there will be prominent county exhibits provided by special appropriation of county funds.

This City of the States presents a picture of surpassing beauty. Nature has done much to aid in the creation of the picture. Never before has any exposition been able to grant such advantageous sites for state buildings. The buildings are situated on a plateau about seventy-five feet higher than the level ground to the north upon which stand the main exhibit palaces. There are hills and ravines here and there, enabling the landscapists to lay out a most delightful pattern of roads and terraces and lawns.

The smallest of the state buildings is that of Arizona, which stands near the southeastern entrance to the grounds. One of the largest is that of Missouri, from the dome of which it is said that perhaps the very finest view of the Exposition may be enjoyed. This building is a palace in the Italian renaissance architecture, built at a cost of $105,000. Near by is the reproduction of the Cabildo at New Orleans, in which the Louisiana Purchase transfer ceremonies took place — Louisiana's state building. Ohio has a clubhouse of highly ornate design, in the architecture of the French renaissance. Illinois is prominent with a most pretentious structure, with wide verandas and a commanding cupola.

A description of each of the state buildings, with any detail, would more than fill a newspaper page. It is only possible here to hint at some of the interesting structures. California, for instance, has reproduced in exact size the famous old La Rabida Mission. Connecticut presents a replica of the Sigourney residence at Hartford, home of the poetess Lydia Huntley Sigourney in her time. This building is said to be the finest specimen of purely colonial architecture now standing. The New Kentucky Home, from the Blue Grass State, is a handsome clubhouse that would make some of the mansions along Fifth avenue, New York city, look insignificant. Beauvoir, the quaint old house which Jefferson Davis owned and occupied for many years, is reproduced by Mississippi. Its wide verandas or galleries give it a most inviting appearance. Washington's headquarters at Morristown, N. J., are reproduced by New Jersey. Virginia contributes Monticello, the home of Thomas Jefferson.

The state of Washington contributes a structure of unique design. It is called the Wigwam, five stories high, built of wood from Washington forests. The building is octagonal, with gigantic diagonal timbers rising from the ground and meeting in an apex ninety feet in the air, above which is built an observatory, from which a splendid view of the Exposition may be had. An elevator will carry visitors to the observatory.

New York, Pennsylvania, Ohio, Arkansas, Colorado, West Virginia, Indiana, Wisconsin, Texas and many other states are represented by buildings which cannot fail to arouse admiration. The Texas building is in the shape of a five pointed star, an appropriate idea for the big Lone Star State. Iowa has a magnificent mansion, with classic porticoes and a central tower containing an observatory chamber. Kansas, Indian Territory and Oklahoma each uphold the growing reputation of the southwest for enterprise and fertility of resources.

EXPLOITS OF GEN. FUKUSHIMA

One of the Japanese Army's Men of Iron.

YEAR IN SADDLE ON LONELY TRIP

Once Made a Journey of 5,000 Miles on Horseback, by Emperor's Order. From Berlin Overland to Japan. Temperature Sometimes 60 Below Zero, and He Was Often Frostbitten.

William Dinwiddie, a staff correspondent of the New York World, sends to his paper from Kobe, Japan, the following sketch of one of Japan's famous officers, Major General Yasumasa Fukushima:

A strong man in the Japanese army is Major General Fukushima, who has the distinction of being the broadest traveled and the best informed man on matters pertaining to foreign armies in the Land of the Rising Sun.

General Fukushima occupies a position nearly similar to that of our adjutant general and bears directly all the executive burdens of the military organization. For this he is well fitted through his long continued official connection with the Japanese army, having been associated with it in every stage of its upbuilding from the very inception of its organization on foreign lines to the present smooth working machine, modeled strongly after the German, but withal partaking of the best from other continental armies and adding finally their own clever adaptions suited to the people and the environment.

As a man Fukushima is a little above the average height of the Japanese, broad shouldered and sturdily built. His hair is iron gray, and his rather heavy features are suggestive of the Mongolian type. However, in conversation his face lights up, and his eyes have a twinkle, seemingly characteristic of most of the active Japanese thinkers and leaders.

General Fukushima is noted for his remarkable memory for details and every day astounds his military associates and subordinates by accurately recounting numbers of men, supplies, ships, contracts, prices and what not relating to the management of a great army. He also knows the geography of most of Korea and Manchuria perfectly, and from his previous travels and campaigns is able to discuss intelligently the disposition which should be made of troops in any particular section to the best advantage strategically.

This man, who now works night and day, with an average of six hours' sleep in the twenty-four, has performed some marvelous feats of travel in years gone by which required a surprising degree of courage and an almost superhuman capacity to withstand physical collapse.

Eleven years ago, when he was military attache at Berlin, he received public instructions to return to Japan overland, through Russia and Siberia, and secret orders to investigate the military situation in those countries and to be in a position to make exhaustive reports on the physical characteristics of the region, the roads, possibilities of transportation, of obtaining food, and, in fact, everything relating to moving troops for purposes of aggression.

At that time any ordinary man would have felt that such orders put the seal on his death warrant, and it may be that even General Fukushima felt some qualms, though he talks today of that journey—over 5,000 miles of empty loneliness, of barren wastes and emerald valleys, of the burning heat of summer and the darkened, sullen cold of winter—with a smile and modest depreciation of the hardships.

It took a year to travel the entire distance on horseback. He left Berlin in the middle of summer, with two horses, the clothes on his back, and such small things as he could readily pack in his saddlebags. The Russian government hesitatingly granted him credentials, which they could not well refuse diplomatically, and after two months and a half of riding through the comparatively densely populated territory of Russia proper he launched out on the lonely 4,000 miles across Siberia, a country unknown to him, except as portrayed in terms of the horrible sufferings and living death of exiles, human degradation and barren blankness.

In this long, silent journey—for he could speak only a few words of Russian—he was passed from station to station by Siberian officials, usually accompanied by a small bodyguard, though often having nothing more than one guide, and on a few occasions absolutely alone during the dreary rides between posts.

It was not until winter came on that his real hardships began, but with the chill of autumn, sleeping on the open, wind swept plains became difficult, and when the frightful rigors of winter closed in and the thermometer fell to 40 degrees below zero, and, on occasions to 60 degrees below, it became a fight against the elements for existence itself.

Advancing on schedule as he did, it was necessary for him to take great risks in going on, and again and again he rode with freezing face and fingers and toes in blinding snowstorms, the party sometimes losing their way so completely as to necessitate their burrowing into snow banks to protect themselves against the piercing winds and cold and waiting for the cessation of the storm.

Now and again their food gave out, and on one occasion they rode forty-eight hours in a starving condition, melting snow with a tallow candle to slake their thirst. At the time the general made this trip the Transsiberian railway was only a magnificent conception, but in a general way he followed the proposed route from end to end.

One of his horses met with a serious accident which necessitated its being killed, but the other safely accomplished the journey and was brought by the general to Japan, where it was carefully looked after until its death a few years ago. The skin now stands stuffed in one of Japan's museums. It should also be noted here that all the travel stained fur garments worn by Fukushima on this remarkable journey are on exhibition in a glass case in the military museum near the war temple at Kudan, Tokyo, and it is interesting to watch the attitudes, almost of veneration, taken by the simple country folk as they crowd around the doors and gaze upon these relics.

After the Japan-China war, in which General Fukushima took an active part, he again began official travels for his government, going through the western countries of Asia, and once again at the close of the Peking campaign, during which he distinguished himself as a brilliant fighter and an able field commander, he took a long journey through China, Manchuria and Afghanistan, skirting the Himalayas to the north of Tibet.

All the mountain traveling was done, of course, on the backs of hardy native ponies, and altitudes of 16,000 feet were reached where the vegetation was often so scanty as to afford insufficient forage for the animals. The semi-nomadic fanatics of the region were distinctly hostile to this invasion—even of men related to them racially—and it was only by the greatest display of diplomacy that the party succeeded in completing their journey.

While in the high mountain country the general fell ill with one of the dread pestilential diseases of the orient, and for several weeks his companions despaired of his life. At the most critical stage of the fever this brave man urged the others to proceed, as they were almost without food, saying that the chances were he would die anyway, and it was far more important for them not to endanger the lives of the entire party and thus perhaps lose all the valuable fruits of the expedition.

His fine constitution pulled him through, and, weak and emaciated, he mounted his horse as soon as the racking fever left him, and, by clinging to the saddle, he rode on and on to the end of the journey, gaining strength slowly as he traveled, though the food was scarce and unsuited to the needs of an invalid. It is said he has never quite recovered from this terrible experience, but his present unceasing activities seem to belie the statement.